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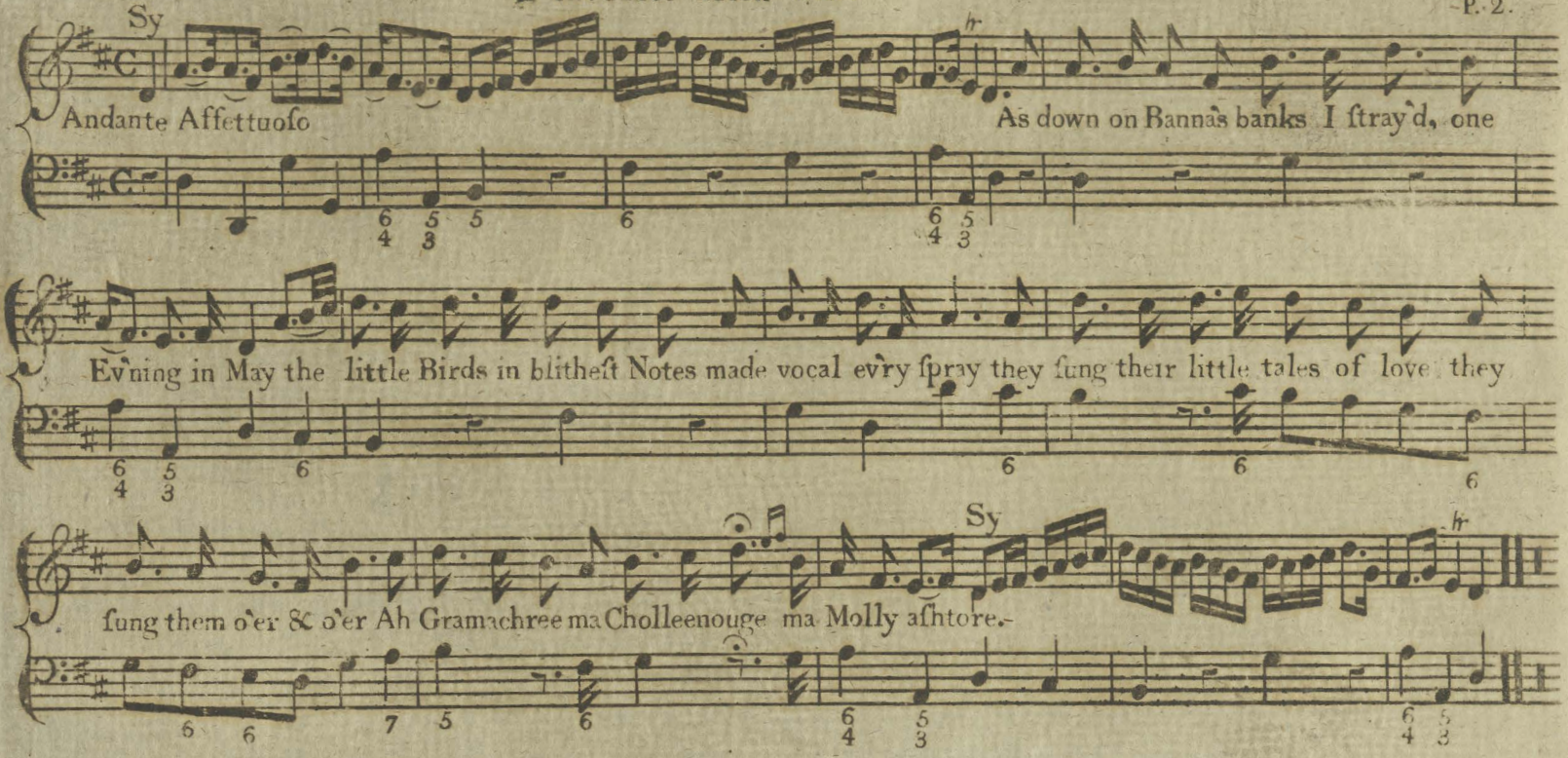
GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

A favorite Irish Air.


Sy
Andante Affettuoſo
As down on Bannas banks I ſtray'd, one
Ev'ning in May the little Birds in blitheſt Notes made vocal ev'ry ſpray they ſung their little tales of love they
Sy
ſung them o'er & o'er Ah Gramachree ma Cholleenouge ma Molly aſhtore.

(2)

The Daiſy pied, and all the ſweets, the dawn of Nature yields,
The Primroſe pale, the Vi'let blue, lay ſcatter'd o'er the Field;
Such fragrance in the boſom lies. of her whom I adore.
Ah Gramachree. &c.

(3)

I laid me down upon a bank bewailing my ſad fate,
That doom'd me thus the ſlave of love and cruel Molly's hate;
How can ſhe break the honeſt Heart that wear her in its core.
Ah Gramachree. &c.

(4)

You ſaid you lov'd me Molly dear ah why did I believe,
Yet who could think ſuch tender Words were meant but to deceive;
That love was all I aſk'd on Earth, nay Heav'n could give no more.
Ah Gramachree. &c.

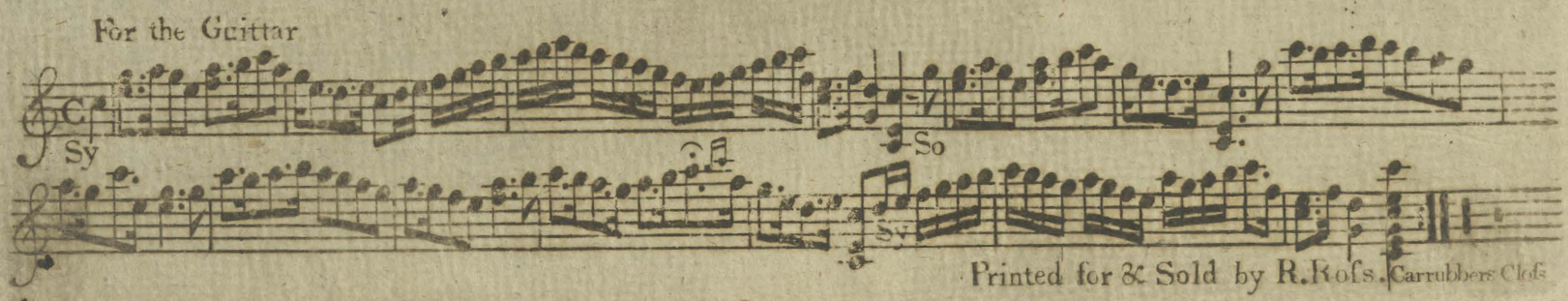
(5)

Oh had I all the Flocks that graze on yonder yellow hill,
Or low'd for me the num'rous Herds that yon green Paſture fill;
With her I love I'd gladly ſhare my kine and fleecy ſtore.
Ah Gramachree. &c.

(6)

Two turtle Doves above my Head, ſat courting on a bough,
I envied them their happineſs to ſee them bill and coo;
Such fondneſs once for me ſhe ſhew'd but now alas 'tis o'er.
Ah Gramachree. &c.

(7)

Then fare thee well my Molly dear, thy loſs I e'er ſhall mourn,
Whilſt Life remains in Strephon's Heart 'twill beat for thee alone;
Tho' thou art falſe, may Heav'n on thee its choiceſt bleſſings pour.
Ah Gramachree. &c.

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